



**Baby, I Love
You**

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Baby, I Love You by demolitionbucky

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Summary:

“I’m s-so lucky,” Bill murmured, resting his head against Stan’s shoulders.

Stan paused for a moment, gently pulling away to look at Bill questionably. “What do you mean?”

Baby, I Love You

The sky was a deep, midnight blue. Stars twinkled up above in the crisp, midnight sky. A quiet wind whispered and tickled the golden and maroon leaves. While the quiet wind and crackling of the fire tempted to distract Bill, his focus remained elsewhere.

“Isn't it beautiful?” Stan asked Bill as he gazed up at the twinkling sky, looking over at him afterwards.

“Sh-sure is, Stan,” Bill replied, looking over at Stan, smiling softly at him. But it wasn't as beautiful as who Bill was looking at.

“I love fall,” Stan began, smiling at Bill for a split second. (Stan's smile was one of the things Bill loved most.) “But I've grown to hate Halloween,” he admitted, his smile faltering as he rolled back over to gaze up at the sky. (It makes him nervous now, Bill thought.)

“Me too,” Bill murmured, running a hand through his maroon locks. He bit his lip, looking over at Stan as he gazed up at the sky. If Bill felt this at home with Stanley, it wouldn't hurt to tell him the truth now. “It... mh-makes me miss Gh-Gh... Georgie...”

Stan propped himself up on his shoulder, looking at Bill. The look in his eyes told Bill that Stanley also felt at home with him, too. If Bill blinked his eyes hard and rubbed them, he swore he could've still seen the faintest hint of tears collecting in Stan's eyes.

Bill blinked softly and quirked a brow, fixing his gaze on Stan. Stan's wet eyes made Bill's heart ache. (Please, don't look at me like that, Stan.)

“I'm sorry, Billy,” Stan whispered, leaning forward to envelop Bill in his arms. He nestled himself close to Bill.

Bill shut his eyes, wrapping his arms tightly around Stan. “Th-thank you, S-Stan,” he stammered.

Stan nodded his head in response, nuzzling closer to Bill. He kept his arms wrapped tightly around his friend—his home.

"I'm s-so lucky," Bill murmured, resting his head against Stan's shoulders.

Stan paused for a moment, gently pulling away to look at Bill questionably. "What do you mean?" (I don't deserve someone like you, Stan thought.)

"You, s-s-silly," Bill stuttered but smiled widely at his friend. He reached out, gently taking a hold of Stan's hand in his own. He squeezed Stan's palm gently. "I'm s-so lucky t-to have you."

Stan's cheeks became rosy. He smiled sheepishly at Bill and squeezed his hand softly, looking at him with his brown eyes. "It's getting cold. Want to head inside?"

Bill nodded. The two boys stood up together, put out the fire, folded up the blanket, and headed inside to Bill's bedroom.

"Want to li-listen to s-s-some music?" Bill asked when they walked into his room. Stan, having taken off his sweater, was changing into his pajamas.

"Of course," Stan replied, smiling to himself as he slipped on a nightshirt.

Bill smiled to himself, too, and headed over to his bookcase to grab a record. His hands danced across his records until they found End of The Century by The Ramones.

After Bill placed the record in his record player, he turned to Stan, holding out one of his hands. "M-may I ha-have your hand?" Bill asked, the record beginning to play a song.

Stan walked over to Bill, gently placing one hand in Bill's and the other on Bill's shoulder. He felt warmth collect in his chest.

Bill hesitantly placed his other hand on Stanley's waist, looking at him with fond eyes. He began slowly dancing, leading Stan to the beat of the song. Looking in Stanley's brown eyes, Bill started singing along softly with the song. "H-have I ever t-told you / h-how good it fh-feels to hold yh-you /"

Stan smiled at Bill, leaning close to whisper in his ear. "No, you

haven't.”

Bill laughed and spun Stan, grinning.

It isn't easy to explain /

And though I really keep trying, I think I might start crying /

My heart can't wait another day

Stan felt Bill step on his foot a little bit. Cheeks flushed, Stan giggled and started to take the lead. He lead Bill around the room, leaning closer to him.

When you kiss me I just gotta /

Kiss me I just gotta /

Kiss me I just gotta say /

“Baby, I l-love y-you,” Bill whispered, looking into Stan’s eyes.

Stan leaned forward and pressed his lips softly against Bill, wrapping both arms around his neck. Bill felt his eyes flutter close, and he pressed deeper into the kiss, wrapping his arms around Stan’s waist.

After a moment, Stan broke the kiss softly, pressing his forehead against Bill’s, moving his hands of cup his cheeks. “I love you, too, Bill,” he murmured, pressing his lips against Bill’s again.

For the rest of the night, Bill was the luckiest person alive.

Author's Note:

Written for @bucharestbuck! <3